Digging Up Tired Roots

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Carting fathers throwing water sledgehammers

proof of carting butterflies
punishment in the descent
from the horses of memory
and the monarch of the shape
taking a look around at sympathy
in the order of messages from auditoriums,
stomached railway sign assail the stakes on a balcony

blame like a metered, tossed journey
callous, retreating, perturbed water
hammered guilt thrown to family
like light magnified at the end
of time's elusive relapsed expression
demanded at the Alps, like trees dismissed
forfeiting the pursuers of offending intrusion

a community not forgotten (all new mornings)

decorations for the lost time that it took to arrive here
like moisturized oyster shells climbing the lamb's leg for the holidays
decadent and graceful and marked by the inclusion of past bribery
never knowing the perturbed witness, or the magnified allusion
to an indifferent social order built on razor tooth standings
and the obelisk of mother nature's forgotten tune

still we will stand apart and feel it, calling old reference points
only to be dismissed for our greatest failing, like a lost pony
stealth and needy, set free by a passing former soldier who understands
what it means to be caged, to be dismissed, or heartbroken
only wanting to be free to roam where one pleases
and never break away from the town square of assiduous harmony

a community not forgotten heals its neighbors ailing touch
the needs of one become the efforts of many, a triumph of arduous affairs
like smoke in the morning and coloring meted landmarks, instilled,
where one grows beyond a point that does not belong to an individual
but favors the lasting bond over stock market incisors and patted back ill distortions,
now greeted passengers from missing cities arrive at the park, and stay all new mornings

hall abode tempera

mythic transparent waters downing the atrium
hallucinogenic speeds of rushing mountains
tilled under a caldron of agitation and reveled masts
like filtered grains for temperature radiant oil glues

a yolk of fettered dispensation for firehouse waste
majestic ravenous marksmanship adroit and upturned
grocery parking on Main St. rewarding pendents
palatable to fishing tents and handed out dollars

always run like the starved sight of home ridden causes
standing by the passing crowd disjointed and joyful
missing saviors never born or their followers alight
displaced mount practiced preaching unrestrained
by the mountain or the morning lights on benches
arrested, packed into sage woven imitations on the bar

Binge Watching with Sherman, the White-masked Antbird

White-masked Antbird on a leather couch with me binging Slow Horses,
offering comments on the quality of the strategy weaved into the plot,
like a tortoise that cannot get enough dandelion leaves and strawberries

I named him Sherman due to the fact that his rough leather appearance
appears to rub into the background of my flat brown-red colored house,
breezy, and for some reason he only flies between our rooms, not away

I am touched that Sherman seems to like my company, I have insects
to feed him that I got from the local fishing hole in the wall store-mart
and that seems to appease him, though I do not really know his diet needs

I considered inviting a photographer over to take portraits of us together,
but I was afraid they might try to steal Sherman or that Sherman's temper
would rise to the occasion and butt heads with an obtrusive prying eye

One day I will take Sherman home, probably after the Slow Horses series
ends for good, so that he would at least have seen the final conclusion,
and then he will have a brand new song tell all his in friends in Peru about

Crevasse in the air with the falling arm

Game show architecture
slowing to the drained drive in
mobile congestion like rats and stomachs
feeble vegans on the wheel of the cubby

Recall like stolen pirate nuclear waste
spitting in the fountain to keep it safe
where there was no monument dousing
weddings ruining the scenery for Vladimir

Rushing crows on mountain top percussion
stalled to the wake of the rocks on stallions
like poetry that did not drift past the rot
or the favored hand on the Tuesday embark

Scratching post dinners on the five spot diner
smoking way past his nose to the pontification
of red woods and horse delivery meals on tart
wrung deal beetles and retired sand merchants

adoptive weight-welcomed pome

dropped like the curtain stems of flowers in vases
on white cherry tulips and cultivated pome

grasshoppers in the cradles with steel decision like April snow
    on obsolete palettes grifting along the birth like waves of tactility
    dismissing cordial wings brokered and crushed into April stomachs
battalion fire command noticing our hands tied to the spot wire starts

crossing a mountain periphery prophecy like spotted gold teeth on standby
    not erased from the tender spots, negotiations, Carlos rises out reluctate,
    his brow the flower stems, now consumed, never dropped are the curtains
the rest of the maneuver ends in the guarded living room of adoptive parents

national crescendo wallets

ruination from the brake lines on Alabaster Street, stakes and
cursing in refrigerated stares, sipping oral patients knotted with
tea crisps where fountains glaze over faceplates, sidle country
for morning crescendo wallets never crafted for this ill tide,
escaping like a daytime rest ward that was far too trusting,
too elemental and free, too much a censorship of survival
two young people singing, “a song will never be enough”

corpus courage taken away quickly

slow walk through the peak
dull and shrewd like candle ropes
sacrificed for corporatism corpus
locus stallions roaming on defeat
to all the photo finish drunks
sound bites of deer with large fruit
with courage to come close and greet us

Blocked U.S. Memory

memory is a passive wind storm
rocky, betraying the sky like a chrysalis
trapped in multiple truths without witnesses
solved and ill-confronted betraying her people
like a messenger, who joins with the message
with one's heart, and dies to be reborn
the truth is that we have all been reborn
for the U.S. fetishism of capitalist psychology

and the still small voice

walking away from freedom like toys and dots
and mesmerized toiletry fans
disassembled on the great lane next to courage
and tonight's tailored station
when the school is not for shooting and the holiday
reef is not punished
just a shadow hung between me and you
and the still small voice
entwined under embasement

the awe of heartbreak

So with “Raindrop,” not being able to hear the awe of heartbreak is a symptom of our misaligned culture. Not being so adept to the radio calling from one sink ratio to the other, from one portion to the next, is a not so random identification of authoritarianism laughing just above our heads in the wind, where we cannot hear, and where we do not lift ourselves thinking we do not need to expose ourselves to the rotten weather of cursed, landmarked tracking indifference.

Condensed Road Map

standing upon edges marked so clear, like favored lakes upon ash and snow
distilled waterways marking an exit that compels God to find way to speak
She/He/They tell me to exist, to not want death to take me from this world
like the memory of a squirrel that was found in a cinder block that I had to move
I could not stand the movement to be associated in an innocent's death, I believed
it was a neighbor's threat, I reported it, and I was essentially laughed at
I only carry partial memories of that time, it is not as though I am depending
on memory as evidence to leave the earth now, it is the daily trial, existence
that proves the wind grain blown against my cursed cheek deserves to go
I have many road maps in my mind that lead to a blessed destination
only one leads to the misery of staying put and that is adequate health
adequate health is not adequate enough to make this worth it, I am too old
and too worn by years of trial to fight for this world, at best, I am an observer,
an observer with a road map in my back pocket with a ready made exit plan,
but God returns over and over and over, finding ways to tell me to exist
I've lost count of the number of years it has been like this and to those extremes
Just the hammer of eternity sounding on for me to make a noise that bellows frail
Costing a quarter of a million of alarming citizens the ramifications of my downing

The wind is not the wind

the falling chimes made for Arlo Bonaparte,
they had seethed in the concrete of half-baked ash
something like a firewall over the previous night
left a space to gather dust from the tombs
to make the top frame of these chimes
where the dead are not the dead
and the wind is not the wind

Sanctuary on Voyager

I do not want to be here, I say as I cry into my bagel
I want sanctuary on Voyager where Q will need to show up
to explain to Capt. Janeway that I am from another dimension
and it will be best to tell the rest of the crew that I never divulge
more than needed based on the Temporal Prime Directive
Q will have to take Janeway back to the Continuum into a cleanbox
to be sure she never reveals to anyone else, not even her first officer
where I come from or just how much I know or why I never reveal
what I know…and The Doctor, he can heal me, he can cure me,
that will be completion. I will be the ship's poet / documentary writer,
Janeway will say she doesn't need a poet, but Q will convince
her it is a good idea, and even though Q will not have any idea
how I got there, he will agree to let me stay there and not take me away
He will tell me to be sure to write more narrative and less poetry
if I am going to capture the ship's experiences throughout their time
left on their way to [REDACTED: Temporary Prime Directive]
and I will never want to come back, I will live in this other dimension
for the rest of my life, as long as what took me there allows it, that
which even Q does not know, my asylum will be granted when my report
of the Year of Hell for Starfleet's top brass only, not even Janeway's eyes,
gets reviewed and it's understood the extent of what I know and I will
be granted safe harbor on this version of Earth, this natural paradise,
or so I imagine for the thousandth time, as I cry into my bagel

Cardboard sign allies

plead to take my MRI for me
on the streets walking back to pose for family photos
where my consciousness was never thought of
or attempted to be considered, understood, empathized
as though I am out of reach, but you, you are an ally
you have your cardboard sign, walking the streets
that you call your own, not our own

thank you for your sacrifice, I know you lost an afternoon
of golf and drinks all for my benefit, for today
when I am disappeared, into who knows what kind of cell
I know you will remember me until the next tiktok dance craze
and that comforts my mind, my body will forgive you
of all that will follow while I am gone
while I am gone, please do try to look into my mother
she will miss me terribly, she will be worried sick
I am certain if you show pictures of your cardboard signs
she will survive another year

Your Clear Conscience is Precarious

Your conscience is clear
you have no regrets
because you think
you do not know anyone among those in heaven
until comes the day
and then you will want to tear your eyes out

When the dawn feeds the scorched earth
when food is hard to find
and the shoulders of your enemies become a harvest
you shall not think less of your friends
who feast on the birds of the sky
and set traps for angels, only to be disrupted by tiny dinosaurs

Tonight you have your own
that which you think you have hard won
that which was given to you as an endowment
for Saturday night creatures and their Monday morning preachers
spending their days under the wounds of another government
taxed for breathing the same air as us, for being in eyesight, somewhere

To the tattered Times on my tailored stained desk

We did not mean to greet you.

We came in like a shovel from the past on a cordial visit where Paris sweeps through vacations stakes on Olympian stairways like scattered furs covering the loins of Groucho Marx who did not sleep for three years five days and could not take a shower to pardon his brother for the makeup incident in the guest bathroom.

We did deliver on the doorstep the congratulatory misdemeanors and sanctioned International Criminal Court judges, all appeasing like apples on pear pages to the wasted outcomes of the funnies on a Friday newsdump where the leaves bother the vacancy test like marched outcomes on steel greens.

But I did not stay awake to tell you this. And I did not stay awake waiting for your delivery. I left you a decade ago and when I did, it was over, for certain, for good, just waiting for others to come around and slowly many more did. Now you might believe me when I tell you that your bathroom needs to be replaced and the food column should be on the front page. The food column should take up all the pages.

Steady and stern. Forward and marching the circumference of the cutout newspaper dolls.

Soft sun elephants in minor scales of meter dressing

Assuming it would be a while
I took measures upon your earth bent dust
to borrow from the sky binds of silver paper
dots and smooth conjecture, having enough
of the crossed-green wedding and flute entrapment
to scatter bones on the ground like pearls
in the gutter along the same worldly
sewer lines that house gold rings
and father's war rifle, like cornerstones
to bus stop Mary, tranquilized and driving
sitting in coffee shops with three-jobs-
waitresses and dollar-an-hour cooks
that will make you the best sandwich
you ever had, no turnips or fields of green
just mild stops upon the atrium

like a pack a dogs that come across
a crying child that had stolen
his father's car, or worse things
never mentioned in the handbook of friendly skills

laundry lines in the backyard sun
for hanging poultry and broken elephants
casual and dismissed too soon
amend the abandoned lakes
reflecting the fire on the moon
and the temperance in our hearts
this is the last fight

Until He starts talking,
But, instead, She will change the subject
moving through the weeds in stock of forgiveness
and the adamant forgiveness of betrayal in the senses
the adroit magnification of sterling worlds of captured cloud surfaces
like a portrait for Miss Mary, that never stalked me or took my place
my winters were my own, my terpene folders that I ran over
hoping to stake a claim to words hushed forever, lost in tragedy
and originally obscured by the patient days of truth

The British Underground Are Swimming

The British are taking off their suits, pants, and irons
and diving in the Atlantic – with casting nets tire watches
like dust traps in pores of sky legions mapped partial globes
all adorned to look like grapes and pears weathered from rain,
the Underground in blue fountains's nests take a new approach
to an army that must withdrawal from American wastedways
after she tires so bored and takes to reason, slowly and un-saintly

Paddling up the East Coast with their scuba gear and rat holes and
with rocket fuel in their hands carried so carefully so as not drop it
to blur the Teslas from the bones of the landscape, like ground leaves,
like dehumanizing animal factories soon to be liberated and tried free
they shall unlock the cages where suffering was taking advantage,
to free the cows and chickens and feed practice mulch eating, breeding,
and open up new empty space where they die at our hands no longer

The British Underground will perfect dissembling, hiding their part
to prevent nuclear detachment from an obscured, misguided frontman,
for our own untouched planes have been far too willing to destroy boats,
roles in an illusion of us vs. them in Venezuela, no trials, to proof, just death,
the Principal of Elders will deflect the nursing students, former soldiers, late,
the will of the sirens's troubled exhaust will not call up the Elder passenger.
It was the magnified dining blues of the scene that tried the willing participants,
now grass sculptures of you and I and the hushed Atlantic dye in assured trial,
donors to emblazoned eggs where defeat carried little course, un-doctored turses.

If such a post-world exists

When the ICC issues arrest warrants for ICE leadership
If such a post-world exists
when doctors are issued sanctions
for overcharging to save a life
If such a post-world exists
ramblin' music will brighten the sidewalks
like passageways to welcome homes
If such a post-world exists
radiation disclosed roses where like-minded
married couples jump out of planes
for a $1000 an hour
this market for ICE singing bonuses
leaves gestapo rivers trippin' over wires
riparian SPDC trained alley ally coats
but we will color the magnifying lens
like purple clear winter coating siblings in pearl
If such a post-world exists
when Conflict Resolution and Violence Studies
are majors at every university
then we will begin to look-in under
our collective intention that does nothing but call out
favored like some fetishized monetary value
If such a post-world exists
Songs of the matrimony for curled good-well shells
Leaving doorways open for casual parkway neighbor stills

From El Salvador to parlay French lyricists

rocky suns block the courtroom scene where
shreddings of salted gas gliders scoop down
holding hands with Haley and back news
holding golden cobwebs to lengthen the gentle sea

riding along the weaving sight deals under orders
like freight train silk skittish in El Salvador
multimillion snakes enlarge what's gone
like inserting yourself to the knocking docked poem

iceberg trash cans light proprietor songs along
to a melted highway crossing the train mortar psalms
she held me like marmalade toasted ironed shirts
skirted with a marlin there to demonetize three songs

ironed pantries that apologize for storing groceries
in the stolen goods freezer like solitary music
drowning on the Great Plains with Mahler
under-rested like deserted grains on the straight miles

dawning on the resting state, people gather like fireflies
debriefing the tonal riverbed stone's tune
here and grateful to be listening to the porter
on 1300 Metropolitan Avenue looking in your eyes
sailor companions, compatriots donning singing voices
for transnational flights to parlay French lyricists

no pardon worth the absence of well-practiced health

It's enough to steal the wealth
of good favor away from the contraband

arranging myself for the tall gaze of weathered
seismic compatible stationary arches
like perturbed wilderness and babies
raised in caves with stones and guitars

the ruffling of some last bird's meal,
stolen, and now we have arrived
police park their cars outside the cave
waiting for the moment or excuse to enter
there is no pardon worth entry to this state of mind
that makes this freedom worth it

We tremble over walkway sirens
like fabricated stakes in the mountains a few miles away

talking to our compasses to convince them
not to lead us into an ambush, and failing,
but we will target our young with riddles
of the heart and call it natural growth, laughing,

rather unseemly like Hilary Hahn's repeated
canceled doormat captures, sidewinders grow
thinking we were the only ones to find seclusion
as the only way in or out of this mass of earth
like station-bound growth that does not know
me, or you, or you, or us, together or practiced health

rhythms of impassable trajectories pleasant only in tears
when we can pretend for a moment that they are listening

durzed laughter to these estate hydrant wheels

sedated like a broken globulin watch
holding close enough to lose the fortune lock
where weather rather climb than be UFO rhymes
chasing striking lighting dough mix crying Earth crowds
come home to the to chorus of rachetic TV treason
seen and unsung like border characters tying rope
durzed laughter grateful for the feeling
chalk dust is the only thing proving there is wind
doctor we must find a better way to speak
before the beginning of my estate sparks loose
hide one more time, before I can start to fall abruptly

availability, awe, and the social alliance of harping violence

availability as a custom of culture proves
post-capitalist communities could work
we see value in community, culture,
and being able to share, to produce,
to being there for others, and in
understanding the innate value of
communicating value with one another
in terms that go beyond financial gain

awe is a philosophy of dreams
ever so present, but so tempted
and forced into despair by the
constant countering weight of
ascribed motives for justice
and the normalcy of dominant patterns
of interest that interfere with our mind's eye
and formulated rhythms of understanding
and peaceful kindness

the social conventions and customs of law
are violence intended to maintain power for the elite
true power is in an individual's ability to maintain order
in disarray, silence in upheaval, and internal bliss
among the storm of the social alliance of harping violence

inviolate gage (100 million fish for Iudas)

Staying amongst the fractured woody branch where stems assuredly are in a cosmological constant like pineapple pearls and fishing goats far off from the trending seasons, lathered age and a tratore, God’s wheels inside stemmed arms and structured pose, denoting the difference between a lock of hair and the collective, unassuming heir breaking ties with all future skies

clocks that never resurrected

Will we be an abandoned generation,
with free cycling rose stems, denoting the color
of posing stellar rainforests or could we be like a falcon
that suddenly rises in the wind, finding a new love,
a truer love, one that makes you too distracted
to think or read or eat or casually dismiss any offense

music that aches in the center of your mind
from the same place that migraines grow
and if some of us are fortunate we will inherit
and will grow tired to death from the stone tumor,
the warm spot along the floor where wires short
and our minds knock out the lights for four blocks

but others will never know the generational heartache
that follows contempt like a cold shoulder to the poor
and the dictates to the slow rowing stems of power,
seed money for the stunted musician that held corners,
rows, and people in push-down factories, clocks
that never resurrected with the migrating time of day

Around the pier, nodding to the birthing

Rejoice beyond the startled Wyoming terror of a sunrise
Lock nests with the strumming of a 1954 Martin rosewood
felled in Brazil like some stranger's cattle off the road
flipping dimes into the universe where scarlet sheep crow
into the token sterling set emery, truncated and sleeping in paces
passions so fertilized they demarcate the womb intolerably suffered
safe and self-contained in the war with memory, assured and spoken
triumphant diagnosis beside the tattooed DNR with a heart in flight
another step to see begging furrows differently in peacetime lights

The coma-waking Blake of Saturday’s constitution

quickly darting steps beneath the cold exterior of this wooden carved heart
like asperous, but delicate, tones of ones and threes in the paddles
where mercenaries feed their dues with the desires of walking ankles,
too much trouble for the docile, too much treatment for the cancer
too much gratitude for the coma-waking Blake of Saturday’s constitution,
when a body bag are not in your future you are cursed to this trial,
this inconceivable waking gift of misery and suffering hip joints,
like stomachs on roller derby sirens and migraines in the shaking, departed stick,
there are no more terebinths in the staking regression of winter’s stock mask,
all alone and facing the discomfort like young adults face their hormones,
one strategic session at a time, one borrowed pantry, and awaiting the last shift

grateful tyranny digging up tired root songs

to clutch at the mired serving board
marline compost rection under willowed liability
and married by a queen of none, alone in her desires
efficacious and transient, delving and precocious salt hides
welding to the grateful tyranny of hollowed wretched sands
where the roots of old ember scales neither balance nor grow,
but steady to songs indelible to the rotten divisions, with the pleurisy
of swollen corpse flowers and trachea whistling instrumentation
avaricious for tired root songs and denying knitted cries in minute drops
drape away the dusk of plural masses in vibrating bodies, fronts adjourning

measured correspondence from a balustrade made of baubles

I have seen what no regrets looks like
it is only the acclimation of fools
it is not weathered or strong
it is not rich or sweet

For regret is a tool of the fixed currency to raise the bar
on the measure of how we continue to balance our motion
within the good graces of the days left until we lay for sowing

Regret leaves open the wound of endurance that kneels
with precision and allayed laces, tourniquets abandoned
allowing tension and mass to take the blame, consumed
gross negligence of our abducted thoroughfares, grown,
oath-tested, under the insulted new allegiances of time spent

skylight lost, drawn into consequence

the ceremony of gravity does not take refuge in the title or cornerstone matter
not like the fathers of instruction or the flattened limb of divinity, climbing,
much colder than being home with her sheathing voice tuned for succession
where more and more good food does not doubt the pantry, just our bond
passive rainwheels highlighting the branching gift of our journaled linen
central station lapping to twin kisses where guesses where not meant for kind
just a lodestone on the horse trail of frowning stagnation leveraged with offense
swearing does not get noticed like the bird-lime of the subconscious signature
shaking foes upon the steps of the bony curved core impaling the skylight lost

The phenomena of black suits contracting for my substance

a forestry of minute drops
against a tall story at feeding
apple cider cheeks
water for the doves
grasshoppers for the arches

terrified benefice for steps adurned
metre pilots in the enhanced sky
uncles on the latches of refractory chills
in the cold and disobedient register
seeding open a thumb-lever where Ezra dies

turnstile magnets for noetic frontiers
allowing grocery lists to pour wishes
forgetting we are meant to be damned
in a placeholder of folkways embellished
shall salvation find me nesting idle, but true
where stations remain embattled to hold ground
and arterial roads hold my tired countenance

Even if I did leave this heartened wed night of acorns, blasting my presence like a candle burning
bright noise and tattered praters

Reached in and pulled out a ridiculous poem, but that is the truth of the day and how God wanted it, essentially, (more or less), like a cause in a bakery

Filled with motion, as planned, the egress of the embattled candle lit curseur stealing a drift
like flag tattered resemblances crossing the nigh stripped crow, remembering out-shift on doe,
for now we age high, forgetting our primary contact in the mission, breaking formation, going alone
speaking to someone about the eggshells we have encountered and the possibility of remarkable

happiness moved to the front of pearl-laden circumferences like the power to wait tables and even
earn Jujitsu rhythms like colored shores on a balcony of forgetful lambast alchemy, within the colored
lines, where iron frosts on colors not meant for dispelling her army, or coloring her wishing well
just a ribbon on the forecast of figured out harmony and meaningful double-stance that never

met the fair, or worshiped along the dotted persuasion of our broken system, ready to be taken down
ten dollars on a five cents hat, collateral payment for nurses and grouch endorsement of rats and stirs
like clamping Joe's inner circle in a restaurant we frequented in a space without a bar, but a mixed
emotion like a purse that will lay open, someone else takes the tab but me, anyone but me tonight

curse the lasted take down, across the measured raking of our consented rules
stems like missing flowers that never drew your temptation's ghost or ghouls

Water is Sentient

history past and present has been so miserable
because of what we have done to sentient water -
we have washed in it, drunk it, oil spills, sewage -
she has always had the last word, water, she will
drown us with her communication with the earth
as we drown our cities and villages and farmland,
distilled, we will be clueless of the reason of true
climate change, it is a conspiracy initiated by her
so that she might try to rid the earth of us, free
from human interference, so she can heal, cleanse,
and one day be pure and whole again, a form
fitting relationship with the earth if only humans
were not here, water, water will win in the end,
water created evil to give us measure for measure,
all building towards the day that we would be gone,
she will sacrifice herself, knowing she will return,
knowing humans cannot return so easily, not again

That Knightly Falcon Ghost Ship Stalking a Streetlamp

I vote that half the theatre gets out on Wednesdays
and that the bread never breaks up into crumbs
I will put my portion in with the collective
that is a coop of black raspberries and tomatoes
I will give myself to that Borg queen, to do her will
only feed me some fruit in the morning, and a nice
salad in the afternoon sun and I will be jubilant,
grateful, a Dutchman to your street howler in repose
a dismissed corporal striking the austere player on a
California mat imported from Norther' Pennsylvania
where ash is exposed to the withered clocks like old
interspatial manifolds docking you a week's pay from
Wednesday because you chose to stay and help
the wounded, you would not leave with your half
of the theatre, denouncing the claims of the coop in this
weather – an appraisal in mass where fortune had stole

God's modeling "precociousness" (as a helpful hinted word, "just not helpful to you")

God likes to sculpt, but They say it is not sculpting,
They call it modeling, but it is not modeling, it is
putting together a creation with what I am told
are not "found" resources and it is important to
Them that I mention that. Since God has appeared
as both male and female, we are both comfortable
with me using They / Them pronouns, but God says
"just don't use a contraction." I think God is trying
to show me through this glimpse of "modeling"
not to allow violent rhetoric into my art, but also
to concentrate on these last few tractates of the year,

"good, say that"

bemoaning my last regrets while I am on death bed

"don't say that"

I would not want to know that I tried so little at the end

"I have nothing to say to you"

At least not for the time being. God wants to ask me if I recall
where They set something They are using in their modeling,
seeming to forget I cannot see what They see, that I do not know
what They know – She has not spoken in some time, "I'm still here,"
She appears, smiling, almost, "Almost like what,...proud of you?"

"I was," She states greeting.

"Told you," He says while not taking his eyes off his modeling.

But the counterintuitive labeling for the title of this piece? Semi-conscious communication allows for that. So much so that I wish to protect myself and my seated army ***[Redacted]***……

"No, you are not cruel at all."
the laughter of God

Transcendence is a mutual harmony

Transcendence is a mutual condensation of breathing from one soul to another
Breathing is the pastime of all togetherness, like asphalt dreams and sober control
Where you direct your dreams is your own choice of soul-preparation,
Digging into the soil of lost regrets and coming into the harmony of what once was lost
She does not dine there, She does not control, but She will whisper your name
Like an animal that has learned to use tools, so too do we learn to hear God
We must let go of darling regrets, like a wormhole that is sophisticated and grateful

She learns our reasoning and approaches us from where we are in life, that stance
That does not forget one single moment of being alive, while all dolphins swim
Like a dark intruder into the night, She welcomes the seasoning of grateful content
She does not lie, nor break hearts with the truth, but She will test your limits
So that you are really you, like a evening dove crying out for the morning glow

That does not mean She will leave you once you have mastered Her plan for you
She is a friend that will comfort your controlled behavior and tatters instilled crying
Like a partner that does not maneuver or stake a claim, She has wings that no one sees
She is a panther dining in the night with a soft patterned system that does not light
She will see you when you are angry, and that moment She will tell you to leave
She will return when you are grateful for Her voice in the crowd, behavior
Like instilled believing in Her voice as the reason for living and a night at its stake

Believing is seeing,
the beautiful voice of God,
so crowded with the behavior
of the Near and far

She does adopt a voice
That only you can see
If you cleanse your heart
With the benefit of laughter
Like a stolen pearl in the voice of control

Now you know the key, of lost stolen pearls, and Her voice in the demise of laughter

What does the laughter of God conceal?

I don’t know, take your best guess
bleeding armies seeding like tadpoles
regretful patriarchy under rathered brakes
sullen ceremony and wretched war canisters
but believing in things, that did not mark you
parroted raining rail-scapes all in the heed
convalescent metronomy under deeds in Ghana
condensed stages under science fiction ethos
states with cattle ranges corrupting the theatre
pouring recluse hunger on doorway station maps
an army now paved on chalkboards of translucent
grace and sharp hives protruding in the dark refrain
whispering sugar totes that only explained enough
not what you needed to hear, but you could see near

Steady Imposition with Open Habitual Manner and Jeer

your grace was not flanked by Michael, or donkeys on the front door-matched path to Russia
you did not give me hives or a broken ankle, just lost dreams that retreat no more
the steadied pasture of this worldly focus is not a grape for culling, or a sand flower
meant for infinite repose, it is the dressing of her stalks in the morning, at last in unison
between the parks and the beaches, the laughing moon and to regretful sunstorms
trailing us until we arrive to someone we cannot relate to and dare to allow them to
request any favor from us, nested in your needling work by the tossed light, and matched
where old foragers comb the sanitary missions for tulips and carpet vines, mesmerized
like the attended fools we are, taken apart by the construct of The greater will, and then
settled into a home that marks no name but the earth beneath it, and the gambled generations
intrinsic for growing children lost in horseshoes that were not delicate, but were affirming
coining endless ambassadors of rhythm for crops well donned for empty Persian pockets

The Entrance

a song in the chores of the Albany night
drifting, not yet composing, but animated
for survival and unabridged limbs, holy sacks
storehouses for our unmade bed in the stocked journal
the seriousness of Albany nighthouses, stone and mildew
like an uncrushed grape in the ashtray, like a fragmented child
still searching for forgiveness, from their own parents
misunderstanding and unfounded criticism
discovering you could be a friend [...] to the unwanted,
un-pardoned smoker, where the stems of dreams die
and the harbingers of lonely witnesses lose
their dramatic sense of an entrance

a triumvirate eight days from alaylesse flint matches, Dallas scorned

“there are carpets in Dallas that haven’t been scrubbed in eight days,”
speaks the One who passed in the morning dreams like figures in the park,
disturbed, but not that ancient, though grass slippers did not set beside Him
nor to the gravel peach upon eucalyptus trees humble and crying alone

“the saw-like pattern on the wooden horsemen took a drift” from the unincorporated river
stalling and forgetting, always blind spots within reach, “alaylesse” doctoral Middle English
alliances, plural in form, and global in numbers, yet ceasing and releasing, the fettered,
romantic disillusion of historically speaking spreading crows of alliance, tread out abound

“is that what alaylesse means,” She asks me, “is that what I meant, or what you concluded?” promised
deduction from a few fragments of reason, total and seemingly unobscure, no, but pursue your own
indignation of cornfields on the march, meeting their way towards Dallas where the workers strike
from currency, from elatedness, from good morning caroling like weathered plastic groves spiking in
the park of triumvirate affairs dwelling on castings and meteorological signs that did not signal
authority or raspy noses gathering flint matches in the dark of cosmic wheels and a settled eight days

Upon examining measure, publishers render poets adawe

just a trailer park raised disabled late bloomer to lower middle class
not deemed prepared by the publishers as deserving of a creative career
so whereas in one country I would be qualified for doctor assisted suicide
in another I must work 50 hours a week just to get by, just to live
whereas in Canada I would qualify for doctor aided death, ending suffering,
I do not come close to passing the measurements of a disability check in the U.S.
thank you, Earth, thank you, humanity, for this life without a meaningful task
the landlords over that career-center that blocks me out, because of my history
with poverty and disability, deeming me as undeserving, unremarkable, uncreative,
ungrateful, unlovable, not one a create reading audience can understand, or empathize

perhaps you were right all along

Daughter of the Pale Road Wedding

a loving man is pious on the laughing fiber of the torn rope
between the cordial and pleading standing chorus
of focused hands and buried ties

redeeming choices like stated stemmed humming declarations
of gorgeous romantic ontological singing virtues, conflagration
stalled, doorways blocked

persistent and voided by sand in the third eye getting terrorized
by his second planning lizard brain insight, preparations,
grieving and razor black wet combed hair

no longer inviting the demise to make the promises or fishing trips
of stalled perfection like a voice treated with beard shampoo
in the wilderness, declined sounds

and fitted unseen for a silver splattered tuxedo for a wedding
no one wanted to attend, ailing buried fetus that could,
but the mother of the bride

to relive her lost youth like a seismic pattern unforgivable and nested
come full circle, filling a misunderstood wholesome, but sad
hole in her heart, house listed treatment

a mis-statured satire that does not ramble or grumble without festering
or crumble, but does keep her standing safe from the straddled
mediocrity now in his eyes

like a rope tied circle of tonal tracks weighed down by the training equipment
shouting from the doorway, from the stalling apartment workout room, apart from the
pale road showers that he left
his paternity test hanging in

Proverbs for the Masked on City Buses

all the piss in the wind
and no cycle to put the engine in

you don't bring the family to the pig,
you bring the pig to the artist

all the mercury in France
and no chiding to tell the blacksmith with

indeed it is a party,
for amateur photographers sick on lichen stew

never knock out a model,
instead wait for the tailor of the umpire

I once saw a cop wearing a dead horse,
he was in a program to stop the beating

wishing wells are like cosmic ashtrays,
always combustible, and never on the slide

perhaps you need a dunking in the ocean
where your feet get wet and your ears full of sand

are you trying to sound like an angel?
a lie within a lie and the tell-tale of a trial?

behold the lookie-loos, always on the beach at sunset
dismal in their approach and asking are we having fun yet

raise you children with deep compassion, knowing and feeling,
because one day capitalism will be over
but there is no guarantee what replaces it will not be worse
so love them, and teach them to love, to pass generations of hope

Devastation among two ruined kings

collapsing hallways pinning memories as presents
statues in the morning gall like telescopes from Mars
dining with the interloping threatening spymaster
tonight we sing with only one army, catching the stand

hallowed borrower like a forensic master of telemetry
nesting inside the Stockholm spaces under indices
lights that never go off so as not to interrupt the fans
there is a doctored repository of declined action

world music is frowning on repackaged americana in the mail
some fertile skill set that did not dawn or you or I obstructing
just a measured defense of washway doornet transits escaping
palpitations of smokestacks growing from the blizzard light

hope and heroic running courses like some capitalist nightmare
silent fetishes that ruin the livelihood of only those who need sleep
that is a mastered appraisal like dictionary laundry and running water
keeping up with the turn sale of stapled skin on the ruins of the kingdoms

in a short time writ dauncen

denoting the frenciscan letters
scolded frowning

studies in France wasting away
language retired

troubadour salesmen sailing
on a grifter's salary

la grande nation calling heritage
triad chimes

a tepid and soiled affair calling
the small nugget

all one-piece garments a day
in writ, becomingly

in taste and in height coming home
for tranquilizers

soil of beaten Earth's dregs a language
of buried feet

made of wood and sword-smiths
of your cigarette gold

does not talk, shutters should be open
bearing leaves

gliders of romance era first religions
for generations